## Fifteen Hundred and Ninety-five Persons Paid the Penalty for Man's Sneer at Nature

## MISTRESS OF OCEAN WAS CONQUERED BY MASTER OF THE SEA

Beneath Words. Sank." Is the Tale of a Tragedy.

(Continued from First Page.) formed the population of that floating village.

Finance lent the name of a Guggen-helm and an Astor to give hallmark to that phase of the Titanic's trip Literature loaned Stead and Futrelle One a veteran publicist and journalist known and respected for forty years. The other, a youngster in the fertile fields to which he had escaped after hum-drumming in a newspaper, and in which he was steadily mounting the ladder of success. There was a national character to the assemblage, for Major Archibald Willingham Butt, aid to President Taft, was returning to America from Rome, where he had been commissioned with a message to be delivered at the vatican.

England's coronets found a reprezentative in Lord Cosmo Gordon, who, with his wife, Lady Duff Gordon, was returning to America after a Parisian trip. Isidor Straus, one of the greatest philanthropists and merchant princes of the era, was aboard, and with him was Mrs. Straus.

Saloon a Gay Scene.

Within the saloon there was such a scene as society always gives to her fêtes. Jewels worth a king's ransom fiashed from women who seemed carved of marble. The hair of the daughters of wealth seemed to be alive, as the lights brought forth the sparkle of the gems that they wore in the colffures.

Hage ropes of pearls that formed priceless collar for necks that rivaled the swan's in their contour were seen smashing for the nonce the ever-brilliant sparkle of diamonds, diamonds, and more diamonds. Twenty million dellars worth of wealth flashed and sparkled and shimmered and shone in that saloon while women, fair and beautiful, saw ·languidly in that great surcease from care and trouble, the handsomely appointed chairs of an ocean liner.

Society was disporting itself in its varied ways and according to its varied moods. The orchestra was playing its shudder from stem to stern. usual nocturnal concert, the strains running all musical gamuts, from the lilting 'rag" to the exquisite sonata. Society listened either in languid interest or passionate devotion to the God of Har

Not all the concourse that made that saloon a living, vital thing dallied with either the music or wooed the muses-Small tables, covered with the badge of the game, the green balze, were scattered at convenient distance from one another. Here the evening-clothed millionaire played bridge and matched his cards and his science against the twin factors possessed by the traveling man with a bankroll or one of his own set who was endeavoring, too, to find a satisfactory pastime, one that held financial interest as well as individual

Women, too, women whose names adorn the social register of the elect, took their hazard in the inevitable game of bridge whist. They played with all the zest and zeal of typical and inordinate gamesters, and the scenes around these tables, where the players quietly and studiously employed their time in all right in the morning." He never the game, were in marked contrast to those about.

Care and Trouble Banished.

Care and trouble had been banished by the two handmaldens of frivolity music and game. Those to whom age meant a respite from these things that bear the mark of social requirement and necessity left the saloon for their staterooms within a reasonable hour The great drawing room of the liner was thinning in its ranks, and by 11 clock only those who were devoted music or immersed in the game, with a scattering of the idle loungers, still staved in the vast room. The orchestra was winding up its portion of the collective entertainment, and was preparing to give the instruments to the custody of their cases. That was the scene in the saloon when the Titanic was almost at 41.10 north latitude.

Aboard ship, where those in whose safety and keeping had been instrusted the lives of those on board, there were the usual scenes. Capt. Edward J. Smith, commander of the Titanic and commodore of the White Star fleet, was below engrossed in conversation with some of those whose names spelled wealth, fame, and fortune. The first officer, Murdoch, a clean-shaven, upstanding young Briton, was on the bridge, the subaltern who was in direct,

though not active, command of the ship. In the crow's nest, where the lookout is stationed to peer straight ahead and imparted their own beliefs to the pasto watch on every hand to see what's sengers. dead ahead, a young Englishman whose name has perished, too, was stationed, to each and every man aboard ship, sacrifice later to prove that when na-The petty officers, whose stations were ture collides with man that the mere at various points of the ship, were on

Above the beautiful heavens, sparkemerald and turquoise waters, this was his passengers. the setting for one of the worst disasters that man records since time be-

twenty-three knots at this time when to prove contentions afterward. the pall of tragedy begins to sink over the life of vessel and the existence of 1.595 souls, those who gave to the seas their tithe of conquest.

Three Sharp Bells.

their belief that everything was happy as the marriage bell, three sharp jangles burst on the night air. They came from the man in the crow's nest bridge, and they meant only one thing. In a fog it would have horrified one's soul and deadened one's thoughts. It was the deadened one's thoughts. It was the captain Smith, who was itving through his valedictory to life and passenger list. Major Butt's position

thing dead ahead," was his terse inthree tinkles of that bell.

Hardly had the last tinkle died away when there was a crash. The iceberg, formed of thousands of tons of the weldthe Titanic like Gibralter assailed by a necessity for action, too, mauser gun. The vessel cast itself at The gallant Butt, the this mountain of pallid death, driven Astor, the heroic Widener, the brave forward by the lessened power of her and courageous Straus. These men great engines. The monster of the lent their aid to the officers aboard North never felt the shock. The ice giant threw back the Titanic into the and turned rout and riot into calm waters again, her bow bent and crum-pled beneath the staggering violence of

As the impact of collision hurled the Titanic about, the iceberg battered at her side. The huge arm of ice tore a great hole that stripped the steamer from bow to midship and allowed the rushing waters to billow unrestrained

rushing waters to billow unrestrained over her.

This was in 41.10 North latitude, the place where the Mistress of the Ocean met the Monster of the Seas.

The instant the ship struck its maritime foe, Captain Smith took command of his vessel. He leaped to his commander's place on the bridge and megaphone in hand, bellowed his orders. Forty-three years of service on the sea had given to the hoary-headed captain a dignity and official presence that awed.

Commander at Ease.

Never did the commander seem more at ease than with the stress of death upon him. Well he knew the answer to this collision even if fate held the scales to free the passengers, and save their lives. It meant that Edward J. Smith, known and loved in maritime circles, had sailed his last voyage as commander of a vessel, for he had been in a collision at sea. Not the laws of the Medes and the Persians are more inexorable than the laws of the seas, and the captain knew.

But if thoughts like these were running riot through his mind he gave no outward or visible sign. With that case that born power gives to a person he took command of the ship and the situation.

"Officers, to your posts," bellowed that aged voice through the megaphone. "Send down the ship's carpenter to sound ship," was his next order The carpenter of the ship went down into the bowels of that great leviathan. He never returned, meeting death like a rat in a trap, overwhelmed in the waters that poured into the vessel.

It required less time almost than i takes to tell these incidents, to pave the way for the loss of a noble ship and 1,595 lives. The passengers retained their calm in a wonderful manner. Many of them were asleep or had re-tired for the night when the crash came. To many the shock was slight. to others it sounded as if the ship was

Immediately after the crash the of-ficers took their stations. Stewards, the non-combatants of the sea, went among the passengers, calming their fears and deprecating the presence of immediate danger. This had the effect of steadying the frayed nerves of the passengers, those whose nervous systems were more capable of being worried and troubled.

death, others joked at its presence; others worshiped at the shrine of mammon and reviled and scoffed nature and her emissaries of disaster. So impressed were the officers and men that the Titanic could not be sunk from external foe that they had impressed this deepseated conviction on the majority of

those aboard. This made the task of reassurance doubly easy. Men like William T. Stead, the famous English journalist, came to the deck, heard the story of the collision, and then with sublime confidence in the Titanic, retired again. Stead went below with the calm sententious comment: "I think I'll retire; we'll be awakened on this earth again, nor was he seen by his fellow-passsengers after his senile footsteps wandered down the companionway.

Once the captain's command breathed the spirit of confidence-women and children seemed to have been eased in their minds. The women rushed to the deck, escorted by their husbands or the male relatives aboard. Many of these were in a state of dishabille; in their first rush for the upper deck they had forgotten the conventional attire for such a visit in the stress of condi-

However, once they reached the deck and they were assured that not the slightest danger existed, the women be-gan to make a hasty toilet. With the water pouring into the wounded levi-athan, and the mastodon of the deep, lying in the sea on her injured side, the spectacle of maids dressing the hair of their mistresses amid was one calculated to awaken

Women Got Wraps.

Women in whom the eternal feminine could not be denied, even in the face of disaster, went below again and hurried into outside wraps and came to deck again clad for any emergency.

Meanwhile the unconscious sneering at death went on space. This had been stimulated and fathered by the entire official list of the Titanic, who believed in the slogan themselves and were not guilty of conscious falsehood when they

Captain Smith's one fetich had been the unsinkability of the Titanic, s fulfilling his part of the duty that goes fetich that was to demand an awful human is bound to inevitable defeat. His optimism about his ship had been reflected so often that its light nad ling in their celestial light, below the shone in the feelings and thoughts of

The timid, those whose timorous sould rebelled against such smirk complacency and such man-made confidence. This is not the story that will deal wanted to leave in the boats at once. with either hypothesis or analysis-it They refused to be lulled into a senso will deal with facts as they stand cor- of false security by the oft-repeated related to the tragedy of sea. The Ti- mouthings that the boat could not sink. tanic was steaming along at a rate of They preferred to seek safety first and

> All this happened in the space of a few minutes. It required but five minutes to bring all the passengers to a and the last sounds that Mrs. Widener knowledge of the collision, and while heard from those she loved was a were a few hardy souls, Stead, who went to sleep again, there were thousands awake and on the alert.

This was the ember that sprang information, that showed its value in the to life, fanned by the breeze of fear, frenzy. Where calm had stood before, panic now was stalking. The men in the passenger list, the men to whose heroic deeds the safety of huned water stood against the assault of dreda is due, saw the danger and the

> The gallant Butt, the millionaire the ship. They saved the situation and quiet.

Once the command to lower ti boats was given, and the passenger felt that doom had clasped them, the men to man the boats sprang to their positions, the officers standing ! command. That was a sinister spec tacle-the presence of those officers In their hands gleamed the barrel of a long nosed pistol, the mute warning to the cowardly that any attemp to violate the law of the sea, that the women and children should be saved first, only meant a postponment of death for the time.

The passengers were grouped to-gether, according to the deck where their staterooms were situated. Not all the women aboard had gathered in huddled groups at the davits that clutched those long boats of safety and succor. Many women, satisfied that the Titanic could withstand any bruising of sea or its dangers had remained below—and never came

remained below—and never came back again.

As fast as the women came to the decks the boats were lowered away. Some of those big lifeboats that could carry from thirty to fifty persons were lowered into the grasp of the water haif filled, and with seats emptied that might have meant numerous lives saved if faise security had not aided the collision in the work of garnering a harvest for death. vest for death.

Sublime Heroism Displayed.

The scenes attendant on the rescue work have been given to a world to applaud the sublime heroism and devotion to ideals of manhood that the in comparable Butt, Astor, Straus, Fu trelle, and Widener and Thayer lent to this harrowing, tale of tragedy.

Mrs. Astor, soon to become a mothe was tenderly escorted by her husband o the deck. Twice she refused to leave, and twice he was forced to push hergently, but forcibly-into the craft that spelled life and the crowning achievement of motherhood for this dainty bride. Tenfold more harrowing was the case of this girl-wife, for this terrible curtain had closed down on her honeymoon and blotted its sweetness from

her life forever.

Mrs. Astor tried in vain to importune her husband to seek safety with her. The colonel, the man who has pitted his strength and cunning against the seas as master of his own craft, who has given to history a life filled with adventure and crowned by a heroic death,

would not obey.

He knew well that Fate held the scales against his escape. But with that desire to treasure his wife, the head of the house of Astor, said: "head of the house of Astor, when the head of the head of the house of Astor, when the head of t will be with you tomorrow, dear, when you return to the ship." And despite the tears and the petitions of his child-

gers, those whose nervous systems were more capable of being worried and troubled.

Flirted With Death.

But not all of those aboard needed this reassurance. Many firted with death, others loked at its presence:

Kiss a Last Good-by.

nich he gave, received as a husbandly offering, was the earthly good-by of John Jacob Astor to the wife he adored.

are the names of Mr. and Mrs. Isador ters, prepared to retire. In the scenes Straus. When the rush for the boats consequent on the collision the thought passengers who were to seek the life- help their brothers in the work of asboat assigned to that section of the ship. sisting those aboard to escape. Straus sent his wife away, but ru fused to go himself, even though there was a seat left in that craft. He pulled has been completed, marshaled his enwoman from out of the other groups, and with a courtly bow, said: "Madam, there is a seat for you."

Four times Mrs. Straus was placed in the lifeboat, and four times she crept back to the ship and the shelter of her husband's protecting arms. He begged her to save herself, but it was in vain He implored her to seek the lifeboat. appeals.

And then, with a glorious self-sacrifice that placed her name among the heroines of time, Mrs. Straus placed her arms about her husband's neck. "I will not go," she said, "I have lived with you long enough to be able to die with you." each other's neck, their lips together and their hearts beating in the unison of a union that even death could not sever oh shatter, they sank together and

Across the vista of horror there comes to Americans a pride in the possession of two other heroes, whose names are writ in letters of gold in the story of the foundering of the Titanic. When the time came for those who were to be saved to leave the Titanic the family of George E. Widener was in the group of those who were in the third lifeboat be lowered. Mr. Widener was with family. It comprised his wife and i. Harry Elkins Widener, a manly youth, who died with his father that mother and some women might

Placed Wife In Boat,

Widener placed his wife in the lifeboat and started for the rail, where stood Butt and Astor, flanking First Officer Murdoch, to preserve order by the strength of their own personal ex-

ample and moral courage. Mrs. Widener implored that her hus hand be allowed to take an empty seat in the boat, which was ready to put off from the ship. Widener was forced twice to enter the boat and calm his wife, whose hysteria born of fear and separation from her kin had made her tremble on the verge of madness.

As he swung out of the lifeboat after comforting his wife, he espied a woman with a child, standing, dry-eyed and terror-stricken apart from a group of side of the woman, snatched the child from her arms, took both to the lifeboat, swung the woman in a seat and then handed her child to her.

He kissed his wife good-by again. lifeboat pushed off from the Titanic like cheery, "Good-by, mother, father and I will see you in the morning,"

huge monster that arose from the deep in front of his beautiful ship. He grabbed the telephone, and rang with all fury to the man on the bridge. "Sometive that must be paid to breeding, character, training, and pride, such as a man of the stamp of trebible willingham Butt can

Major Butt a Hero.

Major Butt had retired for the night when the blow that bruised and buried the Titanic had been struck. He hastily arose, and climbed to the deck. It required but a moment for him to realize that Captain Smith needed coadjutors. It was a time when man was help, when subordinates had a duty to fulfill as great as that of a commander. He yelled to Colonel Astor, after the

latter had sent his wife away on the lifeboat, and the pair went to the side of First Officer Murdoch. They flanked this man, and saw that the law of the sea-women and children first-was obeyed to its letter and spirit. Major Butt was a herculean figure.

He aided the officers and he gathered the women and escorted them to the lifeboats. To his fellow-passengers among the men he gave by splendid example a model of conduct which, with rare exception, they followed. And when all the boats had been low-ered, and hope had fled from every breast, as the twin explosions that com-

pleted the work of the leeberg's blast, roared above the sound of the sea, it was Archie Butt, who stood at the rail, and waved a farewell to those on the water, as the Titanic convulsed and died beneath the waves. water, as the Titanic convulsed and died beneath the waves.

The last person that spoke to Major Butt was Miss Marle Young, and even in the stress of danger, even when death loomed on the horizon of his life, Major Butt was the same courtier that womanhood knew, during his life. Miss Young's appearance at the side of Major Butt was another example of the smallness of this world.

Met Miss Young. Miss Young had been a music teach er in the family of President Roosevelt. As such she had known Major Butt. When the Rough Rider left the White House at the end of his term, Miss Young, of course, had ceased her visits to the mansion, And since that time

she had not met Major Butt. It was he that espied her among the women waiting to be rescued. that innate courtesy and estimable grace that marked his every action, Major Butt went to Miss Young and bade her good-by, which was also his first greeting to the woman in more

than two years. Hundreds of stories similar to these go into the volume of the wreck. How the wireless operators supttered their signals of distress and saved the lives of those thrown on the mercy of wind and wave is another story that thrills one's soul and throbs with the pulsations of heroism. Jack Phillips, the operator on duty at the time of the dis aster, went to his grave. But it was his work, his constant hammering at that key, that sent the cry of distress flickering across the ozone and reached the rescue ship Carpathia.

Phillips, too, is named among the heroes, and he yields, in courageous exhibition in the face of death, to none of those heroic names illustrious in America. This simple Englishman master of the harnessed electricity, has his niche secure and safe.

But when the historian of the future writes into the chapter devoted to the heroic deeds the stories of those who gave their lives that others might live, the chapter is incomplete without the story of the Titanic orchestra. Hardly a person whose feelings were attuned to the awfulness of the tragedy read the story of the musicians with a dry eye.

When the ship struck the huge berg the musicians had finished their concert. They were on their way to quarcame the Strauses went on deck and of rest and seclusion was banished, and took their acusstomed places with the these yeomen of harmony wanted to

The leader, one whose name will not be unhonored when the role of heroes voys of music together. None of those aboard seemed to know his intention. In the rush, the yelling, the shock, no one gave but scant attention to the

leader and his men. But one wave of the baton struck th signal for the striking action of the orchestra. Above the din of the lowering of boats, above the noise of the work of rescue, above the roar of the waters and the churning of the seas, arose the strains of that grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Played with exquisite sweetness, strains of that hymn were to those in

on," she said, "I have lived with ong enough to be able to die with And with arms wrapped about in fiber would have been glad to have played at his burtal.

played at his burial.

And even when the mistress of the ocean was drawn down in the sucking of the whirlpool, when she was settling in her grave, when her death throes were visible to those on the bosom of the ocean, the music of "Nearer, My God, To Thee," came as the dying benediction of those heroes of harmony. And it was to this measured swelling chorus that the Titanic carried down to death 1595 souls, the greatest number of vic-1.595 souls, the greatest number of vic-tims in any disaster that modern chron cles has registered.

Scenes of Horror.

From this sublime spectacle one turns ferno had no terrors greater than those foundering. scenes which turned the absolute order that prevailed among the first and secwrestle with the angel of death.

Down in the depths of that levis than had been herded 710 persons. They had been drawn from all of sacrificed ten minutes sleep and saved continental Europe with majority 710 lives. from the British Isles, though by no means a preponderating majority. When the vessel struck the Gibraltar of ice there were the usual scenes the of fright. Down where they were stationed, with the commands of the officers given in a tongue that many of the foreigners did not understand, there was an indescribable scene. National characteristics sprang to the fore in this hour of travail. lly, held their children clasped tighttheir breasts, determined save the kindred in any catastrophe. The Britishers, confident in the pow-er of Britanic supremacy on the wave, felt none of that terrible apprehen-sion that the foreigners evidenced. The Finns, religiously superstitious, lung themselves on their

against the awful perils of the sea. They chanted, too, their hymns, and parried into action the peculiar forms worship which they The Scotch, to whom religion is the

and supplicated Divine intercession

psalms in which the Scotch devotion eighteen knots for the wounded sister deeds of those who had been left behind seeks its solace were sung by the men and women. The necessity for prayer and religious demonstration canie to all, and when the crashing and grinding of the ship seemed to foretell the doom of the vessel, all were on their knees in the steerage, and each immigrant was invoking safety and succor from the Throne of Grace.

This continued for some minutes, until humanity and the exigencies of the disaster demanded that the doors be flung ajar, and that all huddle in the ship have an even chance for life and freedom from the overmasting clutch of death. Once the officers threw wide the steerage door, hell broke loose. The signal of the swinging door came to those foreigners as the one hope of safety and rescue. Men, crazed by fear and dominated by that one law of self-preservation, started in a rush for the doors. Women were trampled beneath the feet of the maddened men as wheat falls before the blow of the storm. Children's lives were snuffed out by the cruel shoes of the fleeing men, and no chivaltous impulse seemed to sway one man among the crowd.

But this storm broke in its fury for but a few minutes. The first rush of the fear, flying feet was the signal for other officers to rush down to hold at bay the mob of frightened, fear-filled mob and to silence those who refused to hear the command for order. It was necessary to for the coadjutors—revolvers, they were—to aid the officers. The first time these messengers barked—their flame-fringed message the deathknell for a knaye— This continued for some minutes,

flame-fringed message the deathknell fo name-fringed message the deathknell for a coward and the requiem for a knave— the mob checked its mad rush, and swayed backward. Again and again spoke these messengers of death, and their flashing tongues stilled the tu-

Forty-three Saved. Six hundred and sixty-six of those who

were in the ship's steerage were drowned. Forty-three were saved, and the loss of life-a terrible toll-was directly traccable to the sinister story of that inferno in the bowels of the boat, Not all of those who remained behind when the sixteen lifeboats swung away from the abandoned vessel were swallowed in the death that engulfed the Titanic. Once the women were in safety, and the last lifeboat had carried its human burden away from the sinking ship, men plunged overboard, tak ing their chances of death in the waters rather than face the uncertainty of life

on the broken and bruised vessel. But the conservative aboard-conserv ative, the mockery of the word-believed still in the ineradicable faith of the cap-tain that the Titanic would still ride the tain that the Titanic would still ride the deep-a conqueror. But as this hope seemed to grow and blossom into conand belief, the last shred of was torn away by two exchance

The ley waters pouring into the sider of the bent ship had finally struck the mammoth boilers, the heart of the vessel. The boilers were cooled to such an extent they exploded, and this dan-ger, atop the crash, settled the fate of the Titanic. Twin explosions blew the vessel apart, and split her into huge fragments that settled and sank almost imultaneously

Death, certain and swift, lurked in nese explosions for some. But to others it meant miraculous escape. One man, a barber, living at Palmyra, N. J., tells a story that for strangeness is not rivaled by any romance of the sea portrayed by a master. He was standing aboard ship, and believed that he was safe and that the Titanic would ride successfully out of danger, when the explosions occurred.

Blown Into Water.

by the concussion, and as he struck the wondered. chilling seas, a lifeboat rolled past and brought him out of the embrace of the way over the carpet of the sea to the ered from the blow, information was sought everywhere. Wireless flickered ocean. His life was saved, but all of ed \$6,000 to fit up his "studio" in keeping with the luxurious appointments of this mistress of the ocean.

It required but a few minutes after these twin aids to the collision for the Titanic to reach her death threes. She in picking up the sixteen life craft that came familiar with the grief of relasank, and with her went those hardy souls and brave spirits who yielded their lives as a sacrifice on the common altar of humanity. In the sinking of which their ears would hear and their the Titanic there was born a grave dan- eyes would see in the morning. The ger for those in the lifeboats. The tramp of feet everhead as the rescued eddies and swirls that sprang into being as a result of the whirlpools formed by the sinking vessel became a menace and danger that threatened death to

the refugees of the ship. Here, too, was an opportunity womanhood to again demonstrate remarkable valor and heroism in face of death. Women of wealth and station, whose, life ashore was a con-tented existence of rosebud hue, grappled with death as valiantly as the roes who had gone down in the ve Women like Mrs. Carter and Thaver, of Philadelphia, car and rowed their hands to blisters in the desperate and successful efforts

to keep their craft away from that deadly suckling of the øddles. Twenty-five minutes past 1 o'clock death came to the Titanic. She had and the victim of the seas. lion dollars' worth of vessel had sur-

Faced New Peril.

When the vessel sank and the life craft remained along on the breast of the seas, a new peril faced the sur- streets. And when it eame their lot vivors. The ice-tinged breath of the to be garbed as feminine and vain night sent a chill penetrating through their scanty garb. There was hunger with the horror to those scenes that to be faced, there was thirst to be transpired when the steerage gates were faced, there was privation on every fung athwart for the huddlers in the hand, and the possibility of death on nowels, of the Titanic to step forth. In- the deep, despite the escape in the

All unknown to those refugees succor was riding the waves. That fluttering one-cabin passengers into a rout and messenger for nelp, the Marconigram, riot and panic when the steerage pas- that flashed its way through the air. sengers were given their chance to had reached a destination. On the wireless ears of the Carpathia fell the message for help, the prayer for as-Cottam, wireless operator. sistance.

For Cottam, in charge of the Marcont system on the Cunarder, had planned to retire early, as he had been awake the great part of the night before. At had been his plan to retire at 11:30 o'clock that night, but a few belated nessages which had been received kept him awake, and it was 11:45 when he heard the sibilant hiss of the message, C. Q. D. All thoughts of sites, anished immediately when that are to Cottam. He adjusted his All thoughts of sleep were came to Cottam. paratus and heard the remainder of the nessage was the call from Phillips scat-

tered to the four winds, the messenger on whose winged flight rested all hope of succor and safety. As fast as his on whose winged man. As fast as his of succor and safety. As fast as his of succor and safety. As fast as his of succor and safety. The Carpathia his answer. The Carpathia messages flashed his answer. would come, to keep sending messages as soon as possible to allow those on board the Cunarder to know how mat-ters stood, was the reply which Cotton sent to Phillips. The former never eard from the Marconi man on the comed vessel again. It was only the work of an instant apprise Captain Rostrun of the accident at sea. This commander, the youngest man in charge of such an ambitious

craft, It was along about dawn that the fearful and stricken survivors of the Titanic saw the funnel of the Carpathia pouring out smoke on the horizon miles away from where the lifeboats aimlessly floated. The sight of black funnel and masts was a godsend to the refugees. Many were the prayers that were offered to heaven as the survivors sensed that rescue was at hand.

With the survivors aboard the Carsensed that rescue was at hand. sensed that rescue was at hand.

That had been a night of horror and terror for those who nestled on the broad bosom of the ocean. In their little craft they had wandered about aimlessly, tugging at the oars and keeping courage warm and sturdy.

There were scenes that met their eyes which, while they did not blot from their minds the loss of the Titanic and the death of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters and sweethearts, impressed the death of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters and sweethearts, impressed themselves indelibly on their memories. Bodies swirled by their boats—the lifeless forms of those who had braved death in the water for their chance of life, and the dle has been cast against them. Other passengers, who had chanced the same fate as their brothers. by some of the other surviv

Numbed by Icy Waters.

Men, numbed by the lcy waters, were pulled on board the other lifeboats, and those who had been rescued combed the waters about the wreck in the hope that some struggling survivors might be picked out of the embrace of the seas. This had been the trying and awful experience of those until dawn. Babes, who had been rescued with their moth ers and to whose infantile minds the catastrophe did not appeal, cried in their hunger. They could not be com forted. Little boys and girls, whose minds were capable of realizing their own escape and the fact that father and mother had died, cried in an aban don of grief that nothing could assuage. Wives, who knew they were widows, broke into torrents of tears, refused to be comforted, and had to be dragged from flinging themselves into the ser to rejoin in death those from whom

they had been torn in life. And there was the other side of the picture—a picture of hope sprang eternal in some breasts. Women, like Mrs Astor and others, utterly refused to believe the worst and still clung with pathetic hope of the possibility that their kin might have escaped and had been saved. These women, while bent under the weight of sorrow and adversity still bore their troubles, buoyantly hugging to their breasts with all the wish that their thoughts fathered the hope that their relatives had been saved. That picture when dawn broke over the scene of disaster could not be described. Many women, whose wealth is summed in the financial rating of the oldest and strongest of our millionaire families, had escaped with nothing but their night clothing. In their minds were no thought of appearance; fate had crewded too many events into those had crowded too many events into thos between the collision and the escue to interest them.

Children Tired Out.

Children, whom nature, tired by exer tion, had sent to sleep, dotted mothers preasts, as the latter sat and thought and cried and thought and wept and The barber was blown into the water thought and raved and thought and

Slowly the Carpathia threaded her lifeboats. Four of them formed one sought everywhere. W were the women whose husbands were numbered among the millionaires abourd-Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Widener, Mrs. Carler, Mrs. Thayer, and others, were picked up first and sent on deck

to the Carpathia. The Carpathia wasted but little formed the refugee fleet. Aboard the Cunarder most of the passengers were asleep, and all unprepared for the story were rushed to state rooms and places where they could be helped and assisted, awakened many of the Car-pathia's passengers, and they went on deck to learn the rausa of the rumpus. The sight which assailed their vision did not take long to have its effect. Instantly the news was spread that the Titanic had sunk. It was the laconic

answer of a stewardess to one of the passengers that cold the tale. "The Titanic. She's at the bottom of the opean." This was the answer to a query as to all the excitement. Need of Relief Work.

Instantly the Carpathia's passengers saw the need for relief work. Women went into their wardrobes and brought forth their creations of fashion and their modish gowns. A bal dress that probably cost more money than its recipient ever believed wa in the world went from a devotee of fashion to a poorly clad immigrant. Many times had these same women of the steerage often wished when ashore that they might be gowned like the fine women they saw in the wish had often pined for, it was as refugees stripped of their relatives and survivors of a terrible catas-

trophe. As soon as the tired, stricken sengers had been cared for, their physical pain assuaged and their physical pain assuaged and their mental anguish eased by the cheer-ful harbingers of hope—the belief that other vessels might have picked up survivors floating in the water—the Carpathia's captain decided on his duty in the hour of travail. He was booked for passage to Queenstown, but he swung his ship about and started for New York, to bring the refugees ashore.

refugees ashore.
The first day on the Carpathia was a scene of indescribable grief and sorrow. Women whose reason tottered on its throne sat mumbling or telling the terrible stories over again. But all seemed to be imbued with that hope that their kin had escaped. As 500n as the rescued passengers had quieted their fear the story of the night came to the Carpathia's

sengers from those who had lived through the story of that experience of hell. Women told how Captain Smith, heroic to the last, had been pushed from his dying craft to a life raft, and had sumped into the sea to make room for one more passenger. Murdoch Shot Self.

Others told, and with lowered voices

too, how Murdoch, first officer, had met

his death. They told how, when the last boat had been lowered, he took the pistol with which he had kept the men at bay and sent a bullet into his brain. Others told, too, without reserve how all might have been saved if the officials had not lulled them to a sense of security by the belief which all officialdom held that the boat was unsinkable. Stories of how members of the crew 200 of them, had been drowned in their

were told, and stories of heroes and tales of cowards, too, came to the Car-pathia, and to be told by them and the survivors to a world waiting and

pathia safe, the question came as to their number and identity. It was nec-essary for those anguished relatives ashore that the worst be made known. ashore that the worst be made known.

A census was taken, and 710 were found to be among those wrested from the sea. But even death was not to be thwarted by the arrival of the ship of succor. The second day a man, garbed in dress of the clergy, stood with bared head before the joint assemblage of survivors and passengers of the Carpathia and read the Episcopal burial service for four

## Four Sailors Buried.

As the last word died away four bags were hurled into the ocean, the grave of four sailors who died aboard the Car-pathia. Even when they had been reschanced the same fate as their brothers, were pulled from the water alive,
and died in the succoring craft. Babies,
whose parents had been snatched from
them by the hand of death, were orphaned and alone in the world. It was
the one touch of nature that makes the
whole world kin, that these orphaned
babes, were adopted with legal recourse
by some of the other survivors. care. Grief and exposure had welded together ills that made of the Carpathia a floating hospital. Mrs. Astor, her condition militating against her health. was felled by illness, and for a time it seemed that even she must die.

seemed that even she must die.

Immigrant women, sturdy in constitution and strong in the possession of health, turned nurses and gave their attention to those favorites of fortune, who could prove heroic in the supreme test, but were forced to yield to illness, aftermath of suffering.

Not all the scenes among the survivors were those of wretchedness. Wives and children who had fled the sinking ship together found that/their husband and father had saved himself, too. William E. Carter, of Philadelphia, who had leaped into the sea, taking the gambler's chance, had won. He had been picked up floating on the water, and picked up floating on the water, and was reunited to his family on the rescue ship. Children, who had been separated from their parents, walked among the crowd of rescued, and found

rated from their parents, walked among the crowd of rescued, and found mothers had been saved.

With the work of rescue complete, then came the necessity and duty of flashing the news to the four corners of the earth. This the wireless man on the Carpathia did, and after his terse wireless, the wireless shut down and nothing further could be gleaned.

Real News Delayed.

Ashore the dawning horror of the catastrophe did not burst forth until several days after the disaster, the first message, that the Titanic had sunk and that everybody was saved, had minimized the accident to the largest ship affoat. The origin of this dispatch and its sister falsehood that the vessel was proceeding to Halifax under its own steam cannot be traced. But it served ts purpose of reassuring the public, and lulling the people at home into the same confidence that enveloped those on the Titanic when the berg cleft the vessel. And the terrible awakening came to one as to the other. It was not until the night of Monday that the news really reached the world. Then the smug satisfaction born of the earlier dispatches died in the terror of realization. The Titanic had gone down, and

had carried with her a thousand passengers. This was the story—this time authentic, this time not subject to reision, this time true and factful. ds aboard, asking for the tidings of their relatives. In some instances they were answered, in some they were not. Conjecture gave rise to rumors

of all sorts in lieu of specific informa-tion, withheld or unknown.

Such was the situation that existed.

At the steamship offices one became

Remnant of Passengers.

On Thursday night shortly before 9 o'clock, one week after the Titanic had swept proudly away from Southampton the remnant of her passenger list reached New York. There scenes were enacted that could only come through varied hysteria. Strong men, calloused apparently to everything that could be exhibited in visible and outward forms of rejoicing, acted like women. Men, whose hands showed the signs of labor, were on the dock to meet a wife or a sister, or a child. They embraced hese members of their lamilies, kissing their feet, kneeling in the wet Reunions were one symphony

tears, laughter, cries, weeping, delight happiness, and last, but not least, ven-geance, hate, and odium, for those held esponsible for the loss of life Then came from the lips of the eye-witnesses the stories. They were alike in tener-almost-and they all bespoke

the heroism that comes when manhood meets a crisis such as death in a wreck like the Titanic breeds. Some of these tales—how stoke.s fleeing from the ship met death in the staccato bark of the pistol—these not nice tales, but they were Stories of how the coolies, in

national characteristics, kept back the women and allowed the men to get by until the spit of the guns ended their Stories of Survivors.

fright and also in obedience to their national characteristics, kept back the

Those aboard the Carpathia added their tales. They told the stories of the passengers who refused to desert the bridge tables because there was no danger, and who went down to their graves with the cards clutched in their nands. They told the stories of rescuers who were picked up in the water: they told the stories that now are the possession of the world at large.

Naturally, when the first shock of action, the Federal Government sent action, the Federal Government sent its representatives to probe into the matter. They found a state of affairs that calls for immediate and drastic action. They found matters that the probe has bared, and which shows a cancerous growth on the courage of some of the survivors. They show. some of the survivors. They show too, that priceless moments were passed n wireless operators' quarrels, with thousands of lives at stake. They show that lifeboats were inadequate, and that sixteen life craft for 2,000 and more persons were useless. They show that navigation laws should be passed to stop such colliions with ice by the adoption of a more southerly route. They show that the maritime laws should furnish better facilities for es-cape in such a disaster by the compuision enforced on owners of carrying adequate lifeboats. They show, too that 1,365 persons went to death because of their absolute belief in the fallary that a saip can be constructed unsink

able, and they went to their death to prove that theories are wrong. Fifteen hundred and ninety-five persons:-they paid the penalty for man's sneer at nature. Fifteen hundred and ninety-five souls:-they found graves in the deep because certain things tran-spired aboard the Titanic that will soon eadened one's thoughts. It was the captain Smith, who was itving gnal "something dead ahead."

The man in the crow's nest saw this the sea, recognized there was danger.

Captain Smith, who was itving in value to find any remblance of cowdend aboard the Titanic that will arrive the light of public through his valedictory to life and the sea, recognized there was danger.

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